

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

-----*Si Propius stes*

Te Capiet Magis-----

The Second Edition ; Augmented and Revised.

L O N D O N,

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TO THE R E A D E R.

TIs not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The Design, I am sure, is honest: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequents of Whig and Tory: And every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phantick Church, as well as in the Papist; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty, and Poetry, for the Lend, the Factions, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy, has not Curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest Party; and, in all probability, of the best Judges: for, the least Concern'd, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satyre, (where Justice woud allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Common-wealths-men, for professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that woud reflect too grossly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard

To the Reader.

for an Author to judge against himself;) But, more probably, 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But, they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Vertues: and, David himself, could not be more tender of the Young-mans Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent Natures are always the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute: because, I could not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it, was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waste; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am onely the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story: There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may onely be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable Wish against Achitophel; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and, to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his Vicegerent is onely not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyre, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an *Ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all, If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Feavour.

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOR

Of this
EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as Earnest of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theam is vast, your Verse divinely good:
Where, tho the Nine their beauteous stroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat. }
So all Serenely Great, so Just, refin'd,
Like Angels love to Humane Seed enclin'd, }
It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis miniture of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art:
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raise,
Bow in their own despight, and grin your praise.
As if a *Milton* from the dead arose,
Fil'd off his Rust, and the right Party chose.
Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the Gloomy say,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Push on your Theam,
Lean your griev'd head on *David's* Diadem.
David that rebel *Israels* envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.

The beauties of your *Abfalom* excel:
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
Of *Annabel*, than *May's* first Morn more bright,
Chearful as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's Night.
Of *Annabel* the Muses dearest Theam,
Of *Annabel* the Angel of my dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Master-piece these Shadows send.

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOR

Of this
ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
The Wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
With more than humane thoughts the tuneful Quire;
But sure 'tis more than Fancie, or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th' informing Genius shines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.
Not *David's* self could in a nobler Verse
His gloriously offending Son rehearse,
Tho in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met
The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Æneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
Wrapt up himself in darkniess and unseen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father else woud have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like *Absalon*?

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A P O E M

IN pious Times, e'r Priest-Craft did begin,
 Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin ;
 When Man, on many, multipl'd his kind,
 E'r one to one was, curfely, confin'd :
 When Nature prompted, and no Law deni'd
 Promiscuous Use of Concubine and Bride ;
 Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
 His vigorous warmth did, variously, impart
 To Wives and Slaves : And, wide as his Command,
 Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear ;
 A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care :
 Not so the rest ; for several Mothers bore
 To God-like *David*, several Sons before.
 But since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
 No True Succession could their Seed attend.
 Of all this Numerous Progeny was none
 So Beautiful so Brave as *Absalom* :
 Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
 His Father got him with a greater Gust ;

Or that his Conscious Destiny made way;
 By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
 Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown,
 With Kings and States all'd to *Israel's* Crown:
 In Peace the thoughts of War he could remove,
 And seem'd as he were once born for Love.
 What e'r he did, was done with so much ease,
 In him alone, 'twas Natural to please:
 His motions all accompan'd with grace;
 And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.
 With secret oil, in *David's* view'd
 His Youthful Image in his own renew'd:
 To all his wishes Nothing he deni'd;
 And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His Father could not, or he would not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
 Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'r:
 And *Amnon's* Murder, by a specious Name,
 Was call'd a Just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
 Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
 While *David*, undisturb'd, in *Sion* reign'd.
 But Life can never be sincerely blest:
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The *Jews*, a Headstrong, Moody, Murthering race,
 As ever tri'd th' extent and stretch of grace:
 God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No King could govern, nor no God could please;
 (Gods they had tri'd of every shape and size,
 That God-smiths could produce, or Priests devise.)
 These *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty.
 And when no rule, no president was found
 Of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
 They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves,
 And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
 They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish *Ishboseth* the Crown forego,
 Who banisht *David* did from *Hedron* bring,
 And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King.

Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
 Their Humour more than Loyalty express,
 Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
 An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
 Thought they might ruine him they could create;
 Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
 But these were random Bolts: No form'd Design,
 Nor Interest made the Faction's Croud to join:
 The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign:
 And, looking backward with a wise aright,
 Saw Seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight:
 In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
 They curst the memory of Civil Wars.
 The moderate sort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
 Inclind the Ballance to the better side:
 And, *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to Rebel.
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 The careful Devil is still at hand with means;
 And providently Pimps for ill desires:
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of old *Jerusalem*
 Were *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;
 And their's the Native right——
 But when the chosen People grew more strong,
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong:
 And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to *David's* Government:
 Impoverish'd, and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land;
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common Wood.
 This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
 For Priests of all Religions are the same:

Of whatsoe'r descent their Godhead be,
 Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
 In his defence his Servants are as bold;
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
 The *Jewish Rabbins* though their Enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:
 For 'twas their duty, all the Learned think,
 To espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
 From hence began that Plot, the Nations Curse,
 Bad in it self, but represented worse.
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decri'd;
 With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deni'd.
 Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
 But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
 Some Truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with Lies;
 To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
 Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all.
 Th' *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd;
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
 By force they could not introduce these Gods;
 For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers Trade,)
 Fools are more hard to Conquer than Persuade.
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
 And rak'd, for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
 Which *Hebrew* Priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
 By Guns, invented since full many a day:
 Our Author swears it not; but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?
 This Plot, which fail'd for want of common Sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence:
 For, as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Floud;
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o're:

So, several Factions from this first Ferment,
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not rise.
 Some had in Courts been Great, and thrown from thence,
 Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
 Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,
 From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;
 Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men could tie.
 Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:
 A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit:
 Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place;
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.
 A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay:
 And o'r inform'd the Tenement of Clay. }
 A daring Pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high.
 He sought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
 Would Steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near alli'd;
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide:
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?
 Punish a Body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
 And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a Son:
 Got, while his Soul did huddled Notions trie;
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
 In Friendship false, implacable in Hate:
 Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
 To Compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;
 The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook:
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke. }
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
 Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.

So easie still it proves in Faction's Times;
 With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:
 How safe is Treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the Peoples Will:
 Where Crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in anothers guilt they find their own.
 Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
 The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
 In *Israels* Courts ne'r sat an *Abberding*
 With more discerning Eyes; or Hands more clean:
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress,
 Swift of Dispatch, and easie of Access.
 Oh, had he been content to leave the Crown,
 With Vertues onely proper to the Gown;
 Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
 From Cockle, that oppress the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tuneful Harp had sung,
 And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song,
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, nor stand;
 And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful Fame, and lazie Happiness;
 Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
 And lent the Croud his Arm to shake the Tree.
 Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
 Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,
 Against the Crown; and stulk'd behind the Laws:
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes;
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing Emisseries, fills the ears
 Of listning Crouds, with Jealousies and Fears
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a *Febrist*.
 Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with People easie to Rebel,
 For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
 Tread the same Track when the the Prime renews:
 And once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.

Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none
 Was found so fit as Warlike *Abfalon*;
 Not, that he wil'd his Greatness to create,
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate:)
 But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the Croud:
 That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
 Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracie.
 Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,
 And sheds his Venome, in such words as these.

Auspicious Prince! at whose Nativity
 Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
 Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire;
 Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
 Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land:
 Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,
 Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
 The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviners Theam,
 The Young mens Vision, and the Old mens Dream!
 Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confess;
 And, never satisf'd with seeing, blest:
 Swift, unbespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,
 And stammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
 How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
 Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Vertues Fools that Feeds on Praise:
 Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow Stale and Tarnish with our dayly sight.
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be,
 Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
 Heav'n, has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For humane Good depends on humane Will.)
 Our Fortune rolls, as from a smooth Descent,
 And, from the first Impression, takes the Bent.

But,

But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind ;
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you, with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you spring,
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain;
 And Heavens Anointing-Oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful Youth your hopes engage ;
 But shun th' example of Declining Age:
 Behold him setting in his Western Skies,
 The Shadows lengthening as the Vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
 The Joyful People throng'd to see him Land,
 Cov'ring the *Beach*, and blackning all the *Strand* : }
 But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
 (Our onely blessing since his curst Return :)
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes ?
 If *Pharaoh's* doubtful Succour he should use,
 A Foreign Aid woud more incense the *Jews* :
 Proud *Egypt* woud dissembled Friendship bring ;
 Foment the War, but not support the King:
 Nor woud the Royal Party e'r unite
 With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t' assist the *Jebusite* ;
 Or if they shoud, their Interest soon woud break,
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.
 All sorts of men, by my successful Arts,
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts
 From *David's* Rule: And 'tis the general Cry,
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
 If you, as Champion of the Publique Good,
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood ;
 What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause
 Might such a General gain by such a Cause?

Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
 Fair onely to the fight, but solid Pow'r:
 And Nobler is a limited Command,
 Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
 Than a Successive Title, Long, and Dark,
 Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's Ark*.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
 When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
 Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vicious Weed,
 Yet, sprung from High, is of Cœlestial Seed:
 In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aspire,
 'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
 Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
 Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
 Unwarily was led from Vertues ways;
 Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise.
 Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
 (For Loyal Blood within him strugled still)
 He thus repli'd.— And what Pretence have I
 To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
 My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right;
 The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
 Good, Gracious, Just, observant of the Laws;
 And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
 Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peaceful Reign?
 Who sues for Justice to his Throne in Vain?
 What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
 Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?
 Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
 Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
 If Mildness Ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
 His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
 What could he gain, his People to Betray,
 Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
 Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,
 His Fruitful *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
 The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease.

Why then should I, ~~Encouraging the Bad,~~
 Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
 Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
 Opprest the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jeboiste*,
 Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
 Woud Curb my Spirits, and Restrain my Hands:
 The People might assert their Liberty;
 But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
 His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
 Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire.
 What more can I expect while *David* lives?
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
 And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, said,
 Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.
 For when my Father from his Toyls shall Rest,
 And late Augment the Number of the Blest:
 His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend;
 Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that shall end.
 His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar Spight,
 Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,
 Of every Royal Vertue stands possess;
 Still Dear to all the Bravest, and the Best.
 His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
 His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
 His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find:
 For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
 Why should I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
 Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
 Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously Inclind,
 Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
 To my large Soul, not all her Treasure lent,
 And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.
 I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
 And *David's* Part disdains my Mothers Mold.
 Why am I scanted by a Niggard-Birth?
 My Soul Disclaims the Kindred of her Earth:
 And made for Empire, Whispers me within;
 Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Vertue scarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God, Supreamly Good and Wise,
Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign:
Against your will your Arguments have shown,
Such Vertue's only giv'n to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim.
But when should People strive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;
Which, when his Treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy.
His faithful Friends, our Jealousies and Fears,
Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To pass your doubtful Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust:
Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.

Succession, for the general Good design'd,
 In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
 If altering that, the People can relieve,
 Better one suffer, than a Nation grieve.
 The *Jews* well know their pow'r: *er Saul* they chose,
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose.
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
 A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
 The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
 To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be tri'd,
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.
 God said he lov'd your Father; could he bring
 A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
 It surely shew' he lov'd the Shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
 Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
 What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
 'Tis after Gods own heart to Cheat his Heir.
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
 To you a Legacie of Barren Land:
 Perhaps th' old Harp, on which he thrums his Lays:
 Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
 Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise
 Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
 Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
 And marks your Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
 Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
 He meditates Revenge who least Complains.
 And like a Lion, Slumbering in the way,
 Or Sleep-disssembling, while he waits his Prey,
 His fearless Foes within his Distance draws;
 Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
 Till at the last, his time for Fury found,
 He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground:

The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'r, and Spares;
 But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
 Your Case no tame Expedients will afford;
 Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
 Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw;
 And Self-defence is Natures Eldest Law.
 Leave the warm People no Considering time;
 For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
 Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
 But trie your Title while your Father lives:
 And that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
 Whose Sacred Life each minute woud Expose,
 To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
 And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controul.
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone;
 If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd;
 Like Womens Leachery, to seem Constrain'd:
 Doubt not; but when he most affects the Frown,
 Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.
 Secure his Person to secure your Cause;
 They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said, And this Advice above the rest,
 With *Abfalom's* Mild Nature suited best;
 Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition set aside.)
 Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor pult with Pride.
 How happy had he been, if Destiny
 Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high!
 His Kingly Vertues might have claim'd a Throne;
 And blest all other Countries but his own:
 But charming Greatness, since so few refuse;
 'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse.
 Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
 With Blandishments to gain the publick Love;
 To Head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
 And Popularly prosecute the Plot.

To

To farther this, *Achitophel* Unites
 The Malecontents of all the *Israelites* :
 Whose differing Parties he could wisely Join,
 For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
 The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
 Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much :
 Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts ;
 Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts.
 By these the Springs of Property were bent,
 And wound so high, they Crack'd the Government.
 The next for Interest sought t' embroil the State,
 To sell their Duty at a dearer rate ;
 And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne ;
 Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.
 Others thought Kings an useles heavy Load,
 Who Cost too much, and did too little Good.
 These were for laying Honest *David* by,
 On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
 With them join'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
 That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not onely hating *David*, but the King ;
 The *Solymæan* Rout ; well Vers'd of old,
 In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold ;
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
 But Lofly to a Lawful Prince Restor'd ;
 Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
 And Scorn'd by *Jehusites* to be Out-done.
 Hot *Levites* Headed these ; who pul'd before
 From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
 Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Grief,
 Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracie.
 Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
 And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration :
 For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,
 If once Dominion they could found in Grace ?
 These led the Pack ; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed ;
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed :

'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r imploy;
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.
 But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.
 These, out of meer instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long, to score.
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was Every thing by starts, and Nothing long:
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual Theams;
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreame:
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
 Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief
 By forming Parties, but could ne'r be Chief:
 For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
 On *Absalom* and wise *Achitophel*:
 Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
 He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Titles and Names were tedious to Reherse
 Of Lords, below the Dignity of Verse:
 Wits, Warriors, Commonwealths-men, were the best:
 Kind Husbands and meer Nobles all the rest.
 And, therefore in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb.
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure:
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure.
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who could Statutes draw
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The Wretch, who Heav'n's Anointed dar'd to Curse.
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or Curse, unless against the Government.
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate:
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold;
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime.
 The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of self,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself:
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them. }
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
 Woud rather Curse, than break good Company.
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
 He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews*:

Whose

Whose fellow-feeling, in the godly Cause,
 Woud free the suffering Saint from Humane Laws.
 For Laws are onely made to Punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
 If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
 (Because 'tis Sin to misemploy an hour ;)
 His bus'ness was, by Writing, to persuade,
 That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade :
 And, that his noble Stile he might refine,
 No *Rechabite* more shund the fumes of Wine.
 Chaste were his Cellars ; and his Shrieval Board
 The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd :
 His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade forgot ;
 Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.
 Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuse ;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews* :
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
 As dare not tempt Gods Providence by Fire.
 With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
 But free from Flesh, that made the *Jews* rebel :
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of Fasting in the Mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well-breath'd Witness of the Plot :
 Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass ;
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass :
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What tho his Birth were base, yet Comets rise
 From Earthy Vapours e'r they shine in Skies.
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's issue, as by Prince's Son.
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good,
 By that one Deed Enobles all his Bloud.
 Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high race,
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace ?
 Ours was a *Levite*, and a times went then,
 His Tribe were God almighties Gentlemen.
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud :

His long Chin prov'd his Wit ; his Saint-like Gaze
 A Church Vermilion, and a *Moses's* Face.
 His Memory, miraculously great,
 Coud Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat ;
 Which, therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For humane Wit coud never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book ;
 But, where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke :
 Some things like Visionary flights appear ;
 The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where :
 And gave him his *Rabinical* degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University.
 His Judgment yet his Memory did excel ;
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well :
 And suited to the temper of the Times ;
 Then groaning under *Jeboistick* Crimes.
 Let *Israels* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal ;
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made :
 He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
 Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Shoud whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
 And load his Person with indignities :
 But Zeal peculiar priviledge affords ;
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words.
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* murther call,
 In terms as coarse as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
 What others in his Evidence did join,
 (The best that coud be had for love or coin,)
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall :
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
 Deluded *Abfalom*, forsakes the Court :
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown :

Th' admiring Croud are dazled with surprize,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes:
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
 On each side bowing popularly low:
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
 Thus, form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts:
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity e'r he spoke:
 Few words he said; but easie those and fit:
 More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost Estate;
 Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
 Behold a Banish'd man, for your dear cause
 Expos'd a prey to Arbitrary Laws!
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
 Now all your Liberties a spoil are made;
 } *Egypt* and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
 } And *Jebusites* your Sacred Rites invade.
 My Father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into Ease, is careless of his Fame:
 And, brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old:
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys:
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give my right away:
 But why should he his own, and yours betray?
 He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies:
 No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse;
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use;
 And, 'tis my wish, the next Successor's Reign
 May make no other *Israelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action, seldom fail:
 But Common Interest always will prevail:
 And pity never Ceases to be shown
 To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
 The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless:
 Who now begins his Progress to ordain;
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a num'rous train:
 From East to West his Glories he displays:
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar:
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God;
 And Consecrates the Place of his abode:
 But hospitable Treats did most commend
 Wife *Issachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.
 This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
 And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
 To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
 The Peoples hearts; distinguish Friends from Foes;
 And trie their strength, before they came to Blows.
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
 Of specious love, and duty to their Prince.
 Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
 Two names, that always cheat and always please,
 Are often urg'd; and good King *David's* life
 Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
 Thus, in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
 And Peace it self is War in Masquerade.
 Oh foolish *Israel!* never warn'd by Ill:
 Still the same Bait, and circumvented still!
 Did ever men forsake their present ease,
 In midst of health imagine a Disease;
 Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Make Heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
 What shall we think! Can People giveaway
 Both for themselves and Sons, their Native sway?
 Then they are left Defenceless, to the Sword
 Of each unbounded Arbitrary Lord:

And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
 If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy.
 Yet, if the Croud be Judge of Fit and Just,
 And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,
 Then this resum'd Cov'nant was declar'd
 When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
 If those who gave the Scepter, could not tie
 By their own Deed their own Posterity,
 How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?
 How could his Forfeit on Mankind take place?
 Or how could heavenly Justice damn us all,
 Who ne'r consented to our Fathers Fall?
 Then Kings are Slaves to those whom they command,
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
 Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the Croud:
 For who can be secure of private Right,
 If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might?
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
 The Most may err as grossly as the Few.
 And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
 For Vice, Oppression and for Tyranny.
 What Standard is there in a fickle rout,
 Which, flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?
 Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this publick Lunacy:
 And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,
 To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd crimes.
 If they may Give and Take when e'r they please,
 Not Kings alone, (the Godheads Images,)
 But Government it self at length must fall
 To Natures state, where all have Right to all.
 Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled Throne woud shake?
 For whatsoe'r their Sufferings were before,
 That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.
 All other Errors but disturb a State;
 But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
 If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
 To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the Wall;

Thus far 'tis Duty ; but here fix the Mark :
 For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
 To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
 Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:
 At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
 And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
 The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse,
 To Physick their Disease into a Worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring ?
 How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King !
 Friends he has few, so high the madness grows ;
 Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
 Yet some there were, even in the worst of days ;
 Some let me name, and Naming is to praise.

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears ;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years:
 Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
 In Regions Waste , beyond the *Jordans* Flood :
 Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State ;
 But sinking underneath his Master's Fate :
 In Exile with his God-like Prince he Mourn'd ;
 For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
 The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art :
 Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart :
 Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
 The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
 His Bed could once a Fruitful Issue boast:
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime
 B' unequal Fates, and Providences crime :
 Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
 All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son ;
 Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.
 Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
 Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line !

By Sea, by Land, thy Matchless Worth was known;
 Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
 Thy force, Infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
 And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
 Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
 Whom Foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
 But *Israel* was unworthy of thy Name:
 Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
 It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
 Now, free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry
 From thence thy kindred Legions maist thou bring,
 To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
 Here stop my Muse, here cease thy painful flight;
 No Pinions can pursue Immortal height:
 Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy Soul she should have fled before;
 Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
 To hang on her departed Patron's Herse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
 If thou canst find on Earth another *He*;
 Another *He* would be too hard to find,
 Seethen whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place,
 His slowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace:
 With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*,
 Of hospitable Soul and noble Stern;
 Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
 The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
 To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
 For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
 And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
 To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws,
 Who best could plead, and best can judge a Cause.
 Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend:
 Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses Friend,
 Himself a Muse: — In *Sanhedrins* debate
 True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.

Whom

Whom *David's* love with Honours did adorn,
 That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit and pregnant Thought:
 Endew'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
 To move Assemblies, who but onely tri'd
 The worse awhile, then chose the better side;
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai the Friend of *David* in distress,
 In publick storms of manly stedfastness;
 By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
 And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
 His frugal care suppli'd the wanting Throne;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers slow;
 But hard the task to manage well the low:
 For Sovereign Power is too deprest or high,
 When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crouds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel's* praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without Title great:
 The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
 Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd;
 So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a Loyal Nations Sense,
 That as their Band was *Israels* Tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rather Charioteers the Seat ascend,
 Whose loose Carriers his steady Skill commend:
 They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
 Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;
 While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithful Band
 Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand,
 And tempt th'united Fury of the Land.
 With grief they view'd such powerful Engines bent,
 To batter down the lawful Government.

A numerous Faction with pretended Frights,
 In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights,
 The true Successor from the Court remov'd:
 The Plot, by hireling Witnesses improv'd.
 These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound:
 That no Concessions from the Throne woud please;
 But Lenitives fomented the Disease:
 That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
 Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
 That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate,
 Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
 The Council violent, the Rabble worse:
 That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress'd,
 And long revolving in his careful Brest,
 Th' event of things; at last his patience tir'd,
 Thus from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 The God-like *David* spoke; with awful fear
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd,
 My Wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
 So much the Father did the King assuage.
 But now so far my Clemency they slight,
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.
 That one was made for many, they contend:
 But 'tisto Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear:
 Though Manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my Native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not Good by Force.
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughtry Subjects bring,
 Are burthens for a Camel, not a King:
 Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight:
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:

But oh that yet he woud repent and live!
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
 Poor pitied youth, by my Paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the Height his Frame could bear:
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire born,
 He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn:
 Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 Is one that woud by Law supplant his Prince:
 The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause?
 His old Instructor, e'r he lost his Place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.
 Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
 My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
 Woud *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
 A King's at least a part of Government;
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:
 Without my leave a future King to choose,
 Infers a Right the present to Depose:
 True, they Petition me t' approve their Choice:
 But *Esau's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.
 My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
 Which to Secure they take my Pow'r away.
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,
 But save me most from my Petitioners.
 Unsatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
 God cannot Grant so much as they can Crave.
 What then is left but with a Jealous Eye
 To guard the Small remains of Royalty?
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r controul,
 Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
 No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
 Nor Crouds have pow'r to Punish e'r they Prove:

For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care exprefs,
 Still to defend their Servants in diftrefs.
 Oh that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd :
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againft my mind, }
 To make Examples of another Kind?
 Muft I at length the Sword of Juftice draw?
 Oh curft Effects of neceffary Law!
 How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,
 Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
 Law they require, let Law then fhew her Face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring Eye
 To tempt the terror of her Front, and Die.
 By their own Arts 'tis Righteoufly decreed,
 Thofe dire Artificers of Death fhall bleed.
 Againft themfelves their Witneffes will Swear,
 Till Viper-like their Mother Plot they tear :
 And fuck for Nutriment that bloody gore
 Which was their Principle of Life before.
 Their *Belial* with their *Belzebub* will fight;
 Thus on my Foes, my Foes fhall do me Right:
 Nor doubt th' event : for Factionous crouds engage
 In their firft Onfet, all their Brutal Rage;
 Then, let 'em take an unrefifted Courfe :
 Retire and Traverfe, and Delude their Force :
 But when they ftand all Breathlefs, urge the fight,
 And rife upon 'em with redoubled might :
 For Lawful Pow'r is ftill Superiour found,
 When long driv'n back, at length it ftands the ground.

He faid. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave Consent;
 And Peals of Thunder fhook the Firmament.
 Henceforth a Series of new time began,
 The mighty Years in long Proceffion ran :
 Once more the God-like *David* was Reftor'd,
 And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord.